# SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

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W. MORTON SMITH, Editor.




The New York *Sun* is a thorn in the side of the democratic party, or, to change the simile a little, a two edged sword in the belly. The *Sun* believes now and always has believed in protection, but when the national convention of the democratic party adopted a free trade platform, or what approximates a free trade platform, Dr. Dana's paper inaugurated a campaign for consistency. It insists that the democratic party redeem its pledges. No one knows better than Dr. Dana that the disruption of the democratic party is the logical sequence of the policy he advocates, and it may be added, no one enjoys the prospect more than Dr. Dana. The *Sun* is rapidly getting the democratic party into a tangle, and the venerable editor, as he looks ahead over the rocky road Mr. Cleveland will have to travel the next three years, is in high glee. He is having no end of fun; he is getting even with Mr. Cleveland and the democratic party in the most satisfactory manner. The *Sun* is always interesting. The Buffalo *Courier* the other day asked, "What is the politics of the *Sun*?" Here is the reply:

"We are for straight Jeffersonian democracy, pure, efficient, honest, economical government by the people. We believe the federal government should mind its own business. We believe in government by means of parties, and when a party promises to do a thing we hold that it is bound in honor and good morals to do that thing. We hate shams and humbugs, lies and doubledealing, trimming and sneaking, and all cant and flapdoodle. The constitution is good enough for us; and we print the news seven days a week."

In this free country there is a popular idea that every man may work and earn money at his own pleasure and without molestation. But of late it appears that this idea ought to be pulled in and laid away with certain other democratic ideas that have become obsolete. In Lincoln there arises a man that is said to represent the organized labor of the city, who would prevent students of the state university, many of whom are entirely without means, from workinf at odd times for their own support. Why in the name of the men who framed the constitution of the United States, hasn't a student as much right to labor for his support as a typesetter or a blacksmith? Have things come to such a pass that a man must procure a license to work for his daily bread, signed by some potentate of labor unionism?

A Contemporary declares that there is a delicious old tradition that on one occasion Commodore Vanderbilt remarked to a very fresh member of one of his boards of direction, who was addicted to oratory: "Sit down, you lunk head; you are here to vote, not to talk." It is a great pity that there is not some person in congress of similiar authority to gag the spouters in both houses. Every man in the senate and house has made up his mind how he is going to vote. There is one plain duty, and that is to get an early vote on the Sherman bill. The country demands such action, and yet days go to waste in deserts of trackless speech, which affects nobody and which no one listens to or reads.

The laborer who strikes just now because something doesn't suit him isn't deserving of much sympathy. If there is one class of people more unreasonable than the capitalists it is the laboring men. Many of the latter are just as unreasonable now, when hundreds of thousands of men are out of employment, as they ever were. They court misery by quibbling over senseless differences, and strike and allow their families to suffer, to avenge some fancied slight.

United States Senator Allen may be an earnest, sincere man, but he will not add to the effulgence of Nebraska's star of glory. He has gone to Washington to try to adjust theories germinated at the rural corner grocery, and nourished and kept alive by idle, pandering demagogues, to the great scheme of government. He will hardly succeed. Senator Allen is a mistake that cannot be remedied for five and a half years.

## A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK

Probably none of the people of Lincoln who drew their money out of the banks during the recent excitement has had such a bitter experience as Silas Bauer, a farmer of Through Creek valley, Huntington county, Pennsylvania, but most of them have become convinced by this time that the bank is the proper place for money not otherwise invested. Bauer had several hundred dollars on deposit and drew the money out, thinking the bank might fail. Being afraid of robbers finding the money in the house, he sewed the bills up in the lining of his coat. A few days later, while working in the field, he hung his coat on a fence post. The country thereabouts is suffering from a grasshopper plague. Several hundred of these insects alighted on the coat and bored innumerable holes in it, mutilating the garment almost beyond redemption. The money was practically eaten to pieces. Bauer has forwarded some of the scraps to Washington, and if he gets anything back he says he will put it in the bank.

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It is gratifying to note that confidence in the Lincoln banks, which never ought to have been shaken, is rapidly being restored. The shrinkage of deposits has ceased, and business is now turning the other way in a satisfactory manner.

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The only thing that frightened people in this city was the ill-timed failure of the Capital National bank, and the collapse of that institution cannot be attributed to the general financial depression. It was due altogether to the thieving rascality of C. W. Mosher. If the Capital National hadn't been stolen empty, confidence in this city would not have been materially shaken, and the storm would have been weathered in excellent shape.

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As it is, it is doubtful if any city of its size in the country, particularly in the west, has stood the strain better than Lincoln. Few have done as well. It has become manifest that the business of this city is established on a pretty secure foundation. There have only been one or two failures and they were not important. It is not probable that there will be any more.

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The business of local merchants continues to improve. In some branches, shoes for instance, trade is particularly active, and business generally is just now nearly the same as at this time last year, which all things considered, is doing pretty well.

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Secretary Furnas, of the state board of agriculture, was in the city this week. To a Courier representative he said: "If Lincoln merchants are particularly interested in the fair this year, they can rest easy. I have just made a wager that the receipts will be larger than last year, and I am not going to lose. I can state positively that the exhibits will be better than last season; so will the speed program, and I know the people are going to turn out. The farmers have got money and they are coming to Lincoln and the fair to spend it. Lincoln may accordingly count on entertaining big crowds. The world's fair? I'll venture to say that the world's fair won't hurt the state fair $10 worth."

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Mr. Holm, of Holm & Reed, says his firm has more people figuring on real estate deals now than it has had at any one time for more than a year.

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Somebody on the Washington News, Walt Mason, most likely, says: "No man who has three square meals a day and a bed with a mattress on it at night, should devote more than two hours out of twenty-four to growling"—a sentiment that is just as applicable and timely in Lincoln as in Washington.

## LINCOLN PEOPLE WILL PROFIT.

### How the Failure of the Capital National Bank Will Do Some Good.

Lincoln people in a few days will derive indirect benefit from the failure of the Capital National bank—rather a startling statement but true. The opportunity will come in the form of a great sacrifice sale of one of the finest stocks of jewelry in the state.

"I lost just exactly $2,400 through the colapse of the Capital National," remarked E. Hallet, the prominent jeweler yesterday. "I have never got a cent of this money, and certain obligations falling due, I have consequently found myself in a tight place. Then the general stringency has had a very depressing effect. I am compelled to raise $3,000 at once, and to do this I have decided to open an unreserved auction sale, beginning September 2, at 2:30 p. m., and continuing every day at 2:30 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. until further notice. The money I must have and my fine stock will be sold regardless of cost. I have very little cheap stock, mostly all fine goods, but everything will go, all kinds of jewelry, silverware, clocks, etc., etc. Ladies will be made especially welcome. Mr. H. C. O'Neil, of Chicago, will be the auctioneer. It will be the greatest jewelry sale ever seen in Lincoln."



## A HOMELY HERO.

"Poor Abe Dodge!"

That's what they called him, though he wasn't any poorer than other folks—not so poor as some. How could he be poor, work as he did and steady as he was? Worth a whole grist of such bait as his brother, Ephe Dodge, and yet they never called Ephe poor—whatever worse name they might call him. When Ephe was off at a show in the village, Abe was following the plow, driving a straight furrow, though you wouldn't have thought it to see the way his nose pointed. In winter, when Ephe was taking the girls to singing school or spelling bee or some other foolishness—out till after 9 o'clock at night, like as not—Abe was hanging over the fire holding a book so the light would shine first on one page and then on the other, and he turning his head as he turned the book and reading first with one eye and then with the other.

There, the murder's out. Abe couldn't read with both eyes at once. If Abe looked straight ahead, he couldn't see the furrow nor anything else for that matter. His best friend couldn't say but what Abe Dodge was the crosseyedest cuss that ever was. Why, if you wanted to see Abe you'd stand in front of him, but if you wanted Abe to see you you'd got to stand behind him or pretty near it. Homely! Well, if you mean downright "humbly," that's what he was. When one eye was in use the other was out of sight, all except the white of it. Humbly ain't no name for it. The girls used to say he had to wake up in the night to rest his face, it was so humbly. In school you'd ought to have seen him look down at his copybook. He had to cant his head clear over and cock up his chin till it pointed out of the winder and down the road. You'd really ought to have seen him; you'd have died. Head of the class, too, right along; just as near to the head as Eph was to the foot, and that's sayin a good deal. But to see him at his desk! He looked for all the world like a week old chicken peekin at a tumblebug! And him a grown man, too, for he staid to school winters so long as there was anything more the teacher could teach him. You see there wasn't anything to draw him away; no girl wouldn't look at him. Lucky, too, seein the way he looked.

Well, one term there was a new teacher come—regular high up girl, down from Chicago. As bad luck would have it Abe wasn't at school the first week—hadn't got through his fall work. So she got to know all the scholars, and they was awful tickled with her—everybody always was that knowed her. The first day she come in and saw Abe at his desk she thought he was squintin for fun, and she upped and laughed right out. Some of the scholars laughed, too, at first, but most of 'em, to do 'em justice, was a leetle took back, young as they was, and cruel by nature. (Young folks is most usually always cruel—don't seem to know no better).

Well, right in the middle of the hush Abe gathered up his books and upped and walked out doors, lookin right ahead of him and consequently seeing the handsome young teacher unbeknown to her.

She was the worst cut up you ever did see, but what could she do or say? Go and tell him she thought he was makin up a face for fun? The girls do say that come noon spell, when she found out about it, she cried—just fairly cried. Then she tried to be awful nice to Abe's ornery brother Ephe, and Ephe he was tickled most to death, but that didn't do Abe any good—Ephe was jest ornery enough to take care that Abe shouldn't get any comfort out of it. They do say she sent messages to Abe, and Ephe never delivered them or else twisted 'em so as to make things worse and worse. Mebbe so, mebbe not—Ephe was ornery enough for it.

'Course the schoolmarm she was boardin round, and pretty soon it come time to go to ole man Dodge's, and she went; but no Abe could she ever see. He kept away, and as to meals he never set by, but took a bite off by himself when he could get a chance. ('Course his mother favored him, being he was so cussed unlucky.) Then when the folks was all to bed he'd come in and poke up the fire and peek into his book, but first one side and then the other, same as ever.

Now, what does schoolma'am do but come down one night when she thought he was abed and asleep and catch him unawares. Abe knowed it was her quick as he heard the rustle of her dress, but there wasn't no help for it, so he just covered his crosseyes with his hands and she pitched in. What she said I don't know but Abe he never said a word, only told her he didn't blame her, not a mite; he knew she couldn't help it no more than he could. Then she asked him to come back to school, and he answered to please excuse him. After a bit she asked him if he wouldn't come to oblige her, and he said he calculated he was obligin her more by stayin away.

Well, come to that she didn't know what to say or do; womanlike she upped and cried, and then she said he hurt her feelings. And the upshot of it was he said he'd come, and they shook hands on it—Abe givin his other hand of course.

Well, Abe kept his word and took up schoolin as if nothing had happened, and such schoolin as there was that winter! I don't believe any regular academy had more learnin and teachin that winter than that what that district school did. Seemed as if all the scholars had turned over a new leaf. Even wild, ornery, no account Ephe Dodge couldn't help but get ahead some—but then he was crazy to get the schoolma'am, and she never paid no attention to him, just went with Abe. Abe was teachin her mathematics, seeing that was the one thing where he knowed more than she did—outside of farmin. Folks used to say that if Ephe had Abe's head or Abe had Ephe's face the schoolma'am would have half of the Dodge farm whenever ol man Dodge got through with it, but neither of them did have what the other had, and so there it was you see.

Well, you've heard of Squire Caton of course. Judge Caton they call him since he got to be judge of the supreme court and chief justice at that. Well, he had a farm down there not far from Fox river, and when he was there he was just a plain farmer like the rest of us, though up in Chicago he was a high up lawyer, leader of the bar. Now it so happened that a young doctor named Brainard, Daniel Brainard, had just come to Chicago and was startin in, and Squire Caton was helpin him; gave him desk room in his office and made him known to the folks—Kinzies and Butterfields and Ogdens and Hamiltons and Arnolds and all of those folks—about all there was in Chicago in those days. Brainard had been to Paris—Paris, France, not Paris, Ills., you understand—and knew all the doctorin there was to know then.

Well, come spring, Squire Caton had Doc Brainard down to visit him, and they shot ducks and geese and prairie chickens, and some wild turkeys and deer too. Game was just swarmin at that time. All the while Caton was doin what law business there was to do, and Brainard thought he ought to be doin some doctorin to keep his hand in, so he asked Caton if there wasn't any cases he could take up—surgery cases especially he hankered after, seein he had more carving tools than you could shake a stick at. He asked him particularly if there wasn't anybody he could treat for "strabismus." The squire hadn't heard of anybody dying of that complaint, but when the doctor explained that strabismus was French for crosseyes he naturally thought of poor Abe Dodge, and the young lawyer was right up on his ear. He smelled the battle afar off, and 'most before you could say Jack Robinson the squire and the doctor were on horseback and down to the Dodge farm, tool chest and all.

Well, it so happened that nobody was at home but Abe and Ephe, and it didn't take but few words before Abe was ready to set right down, then and there, and let anybody do anything he was a mind to with his misfortunate eyes. No, he wouldn't wait till the old folks come home. He didn't want to ask no advice. He wasn't afraid of pain nor of what anybody could do to his eyes—couldn't be made any worse than they were, whatever you did to 'em. Take 'em out and boil 'em and put 'em back if you had a mind to, only go to work. He knew he was of age and he guessed he was master of his own eyes—such as they were.

Well, there wasn't nothing else to do but go ahead. The doctor opened up his killing tools and tried to keep Abe from seeing them; but Abe, he just come right over and peeked at 'em, handled 'em and called 'em "splendid," and so they were, barrin havin them used on your own flesh and blood and bones.

Then they got some cloths and a basin and one thing another and set Abe right down in a chair. (No such thing as chloroform in those days, you'll remember.) And 'Squire Caton was to hold an instrument that spread the eyelid wide open, while Ephe was to hold Abe's head steady. First touch of the lancet and first spurt of blood, and what do you think? That ornery Ephe wilted and fell flat on the floor behind the chair!

"'Squire," said Brainard, "step around and hold his head."

"I can hold my own head," says Abe as steady as you please. But 'Squire Caton he straddled over Ephe and held his head between his arms and the two handles of the eyespreader with his hands.

It was all over in half a minute, and then Abe he leaned forward and shook the blood off his eyelashes and looked straight out of that eye for the first time since he was born. And the first words he said were:

"Thank the Lord! She's mine!"

About that time Ephe he crawled outdoors, sick as a dog, and Abe spoke up. Says he:

"Now for the other eye, doctor."

"Oh," says the doctor, "we'd better take another day for that."

"All right," says Abe, "if your hands are tired of cuttin you can make another job of it. My face ain't tired of bein cut, I can tell you."

"Well, if you're game, I am."

So, if you'll believe me, they just set to work and operated on the other eye, Abe holding his own head as he said he would and the squire holding the spreader. And when it was all done the doctor was for putting a bandage on to keep things quiet till the wounds all healed up, but Abe just begged for one sight at himself, and he stood up and walked over to the clock and looked in the glass and says he:

"So that's the way I look, is it? Shouldn't have known my own face—never saw it before. How long must I keep the bandage on, doctor?"

"Oh, if the eyes ain't very sore when you wake up in the morning you can take it off if you'll be careful."

"Wake up! Do you s'pose I can sleep when such a blessing has fallen on me? I'll lay still, but if I forget it or you for one minute this night I'll be so ashamed of myself that it'll wake me right up!"

Then the doctor bound up his eyes, and the poor boy said "Thank God" two or three times, and they could see the tears running down his cheeks from under the cloth. Lord! It was just as pitiful as a broken wing bird!

How about the girl? Well, it was all right for Abe—and all wrong for Ephe—all wrong for Ephe. But that's all past and gone—past and gone. Folks come for miles and miles to see cross eyed Abe with his eyes as straight as a loon's leg. Dr. Brainard was a great man forever after in those parts. Everywhere else, too, by what I heard.

When the doctor and the squire come to go, Abe spoke up, blindfolded as he was, and says he:

"Doc, how much do you charge a feller for savin' his life—making a man out of a poor wreck—doin what he thought never could be done but by dyin and goin to kingdom come?"

"Oh," says Doc Brainard, says he, "that ain't what we look at as pay practice. You didn't call me in—I came of myself, as though it was what we call a clinic. If all goes well and you happen to have a barrel of apples to spare, you just send them up to Squire Caton's house in Chicago, and I'll call over and help eat 'em."

What did Abe say to that? Why, sir, he never said a word, but they do say the tears started out again, out from under the bandage and down his cheeks. But then Abe he had a 5-year-old pet mare he'd raised from a colt—pretty as a picture, kind as a kitten and fast as split lightning—and next time Doc came down Abe he just slipped out to the barn and brought the mare round and hitched her to the gate post, and when Doc came to be going, says Abe:

"Don't forget your nag, doctor; she's hitched at the gate."

Well, sir, even then Abe had the hardest kind of a time to get Doc Brainard to take that mare, and when he did ride off leadin her it wasn't half an hour before back she came lickety split. Doc said she broke away from him and put for home, but I always suspected he didn't have no use for a hoss he couldn't sell nor hire out, and couldn't afford to keep in the village—that was what Chicago was then. But come along toward fall Abe he took her right up to town, and then the doctor's practice had growed so much that he was pretty glad to get her, and Abe was glad to have him have her, seeing all that had come to him through havin eyes like other folks—that's the schoolma'am I mean.

How did the schoolma'am take it? Well, it was this way. After the cuttin Abe didn't show up for a few days, till the inflammation got down and he'd had some practice handlin his eyes, so to speak. He just kept himself to himself, enjoyin himself. He'd go round doin the chores, singing so you could hear him a mile. He was always great on singin, Abe was, though ashamed to go to singin school with the rest. Then when the poor boy began to feel like other folks he went right over to where the schoolma'am happened to be boardin round and walked right up to her and took her by both hands and looked her straight in the face and said:

"Do you know me?"

Well, she kind of smiled and blushed, and then the corners of her mouth pulled down and she pulled one hand away, and, if you believe me, that was the third time that girl cried that season to my certain knowledge, and all for nothin either time!

What did she say? Why, she just said she'd have to begin all over again to get acquainted with Abe. But Ephe's nose was out of joint, and Ephe knowed it as well as anybody, Ephe did. It was Abe's eyes to Ephe's nose.

Married? Oh, yes, of course, and lived on the farm as long as the old folks lived, and afterward, too, Ephe staying right along like the fool he always had been. That feller never did have as much sense as a last year's bird's nest.

Alive yet? Abe? Well, no. Might have been if it hadn't been for Shiloh. When the war broke out, Abe thought he'd ought to go, old as he was, so he went into the Sixth. Maybe you've seen a book written about the captain of Company K of the Sixth. It was Company K he went into—him and Ephe. And he was killed at Shiloh—just as it always seems to happen. He got killed, and his worthless brother come home. Folks thought Ephe would have liked to marry the widow, but Lord! she never had no such an idea! Such bait as he was compared to his brother! She never chirked up to speak of, and now she's dead, too, and Ephe he just toodles round taking care of the children—kind of a he dry nurse. That's about all he ever was good for anyhow.

My name? Oh, my name's Ephraim—Ephe they call me for short, Ephe Dodge. Abe was my brother.—Joseph Kirkland in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Malarial and other atmospheric influences are best counteracted by keeping the blood pure and vigorous with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A little caution in this respect may prevent serious illness at this season. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-around medicine in existence.

June the caterer, Thirteenth and O streets is anxious to serve all parties, picnics and festivals with ice cream ices, cakes, etc., and will appreciate a call from all intending entertainers.